

Ser. What are they dead?

Gard. They are,  
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.  
Oh, what pity is it, that he had not so trim'd  
And dress'd his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,  
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,  
Least being over-proud with Sap and Blood,  
With too much riches it confound it selfe?  
Had he done so, to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taste  
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:  
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,  
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.

Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and depos'd  
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night  
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,  
That tell blacke tydings.

Qu. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking:  
Thou old *Adams* likeness, set to dresse this Garden:  
How darest thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing  
What Eue? what Serpent hath suggest'd thee, (newes  
To make a second fall of curst man?

Why do'st thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd,  
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing then earth,  
Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how  
Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam, Little ioy haue I  
To breath these newes; yet what I say, is true;  
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold  
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:  
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,  
And some few Vanities, that make him light:  
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,  
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,  
And with that oddes he weighs King *Richard* downe.  
Poste you to London, and you'll finde it so,  
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,  
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me?

And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou think'st  
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe  
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,  
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.  
What was I borne to this: that my sad looke,  
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.

Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,  
I would the Plants thou graft'st, may neuer grow. Exit.

G. Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,  
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:  
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place  
He set a Banke of Rew, sower Herbe of Grace:  
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,  
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. Exit.

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, *Bullingbrooke*, *Aumerle*, *Nor-*  
*thumberland*, *Percie*, *Fitzwater*, *Surrey*, *Carlisle*, *Abbot*  
of *Westminster*. *Heralds*, *Officers*, and *Bagot*.

*Bullingbrooke*. Call forth *Bagot*.

Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy minde,  
What thou do'st know of Noble *Glousters* death:  
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd  
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.

*Bagot*. Then set before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.

*Bul*. Cofin, stand forth, and looke vpon that man.  
*Bagot*. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue  
Scornes to vnsway, what it hath once deliuer'd,  
In that dead time, when *Glousters* death was plotted,  
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,  
That reacheth from the restfull English Court  
As farre as *Callis*, to my *Vnkles* head.

Amongst much other talke, that very time,  
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse  
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,  
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,  
How blest this Land would be, in this your Cousin death.

*Aumerle*. Princes, and Noble Lords:

What answer shall I make to this base man?

Shall I so much dishonor my faire Starres,

On equall termes to giue him chastisement?

Either I must, or haue mine honor soyl'd

With th' Attainder of his slanderous Lippes.

There is my Gage, the manuell Scale of death

That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyest,

And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,

In thy heart blood, though being all too base

To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

*Bul*. *Bagot* forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

*Aumerle*. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence, that hath mou'd me so.

*Fitz*. If that thy valour stand on sympathize:

There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:

By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,

I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)

That thou wert cause of Noble *Glousters* death.

If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lyest,

And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart,

Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.

*Aumerle*. Thou dar'st not (Coward) liue to see the day.

*Fitz*. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre,

*Aumerle*. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.

*Per*. *Aumerle*, thou lyest: his Honor is as true

In this Appeale, as thou art all vnjust:

And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage

To proue it on thee, to th'extremest point

Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

*Aumerle*. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,

And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele,

ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

*Surrey*. My Lord *Fitzwater*:

I do remember well, the very time

*Aumerle*, and you did talke.

*Fitz*. My Lord,

'Tis very true: You were in presence then,

And you can witness with me, this is true.

*Surrey*. As false, by heauen,

As Heauen it selfe is true.

*Fitz*. *Surrey*, thou lyest.

*Surrey*. Dishonourable Boy;

That Lye, shall lie so heauy on my Sword,

That it shall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,

Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye

In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.

In proufe whereof, there is mine Honors pawn,

Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

*Fitz*.

*Fitz*. How fondly do'st thou spur a forward Horse?

If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,

I dare mee'te *Surrey* in a Wildernesse.

And spee upon him, whilst I say he Lyes,

And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith.

To eye thee to my strong Correction.

As I intend to thine in this new World,

*Aumerle* is guiltie of my true Appeale.

Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,

That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,

To execute the Noble Duke at *Callis*.

*Aumerle*. Some honest Christian, trust me with a Gage,

That *Norfolke* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,

If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.

*Bul*. These differences shall all rest vnder Gage,

Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be;

And (though mine Enemie) restor'd againe.

To all his Lands and Seignories: when he's return'd,

Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.

*Carl*. That honorable day shall ne're be seene.

Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolke* fought,

For Iesu Christ, in glorious Christian field,

Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,

Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:

And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retr'y'd himselfe

To Italy, and there at Venice gaue

His Body to that pleasant Countreys Earth,

And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Christ,

Vnder whose Colours he had fought so long.

*Bul*. Why Bishop, is *Norfolke* dead?

*Carl*. As sure as I liue, my Lord.

*Bul*. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule

To the Bosome of good old *Abraham*.

Lords Appellants, your differences shal all rest vnder gage,

Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter *Torke*.

*Torke*. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee

From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule

Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds

To the possession of thy Royall Hand.

Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,

And long liue *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.

*Bul*. In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.

*Carl*. Mary, Heauen forbid.

Worst in this Royall Prefence may I speake,

Yet best becoming me to speake the truth.

Would God, that any in this Noble Prefence

Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge

Of Noble *Richard*: then true Noblesse would

Leane him forbearance from so foule a Wrong,

What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?

And who sits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?

Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,

Although apparant guilt be seene in them:

And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,

His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,

Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,

Be iudg'd by subiect, and inferior breathe,

And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid it, God,

That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'd

Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed.

I speake to Subiects, and a Subiect speakes,

Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.

My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,

Is a foule Traytor to prou'd Herefords King,

And if you Crowne him, let me prophesie

The blood of English shall manure the ground;

And future Ages groane for his foule Act.

Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,

And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres

Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.

Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie

Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd

The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.

Oh, if you reare this House, against this House

It will the wofullest Diuision proue,

That euer fell vpon this curst Earth.

Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so;

Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.

*North*. Well haue you argu'd Sir, and for your paines,

Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.

My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,

To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.

May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

*Bul*. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view

He may surrender: so we shall proceede

Without suspicion.

*Torke*. I will be his Conduct. Exit.

*Bul*. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arrest,

Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer.

Little are we beholding to your Loue,

And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter *Richard* and *Torke*.

*Rich*. Alack, why am I sent for to a King?

Before I haue shooke off the Regall thoughts

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd

To insinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knees.

Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tute me

To this submission. Yet I well remember

The fauors of these men: were they not mine?

Did they not sometime cry, All haile to me?

So *Indas* did to Christ: but he in twelue

Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thousand, none.

God saue the King: will no man say, Amen?

Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.

God saue the King, although I be not hee:

And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.

To doe what seruice, am I sent for hither?

*Torke*. To doe that office of thine owne good will,

Which tyred Maiestie did make thee offer:

The Resignation of thy State and Crowne

To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

*Rich*. Giue me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize y Crown:

Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.

Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,

That owes two Buckets, filling one another,

The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,

The other downe, vnseene, and full of Water:

That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,

Drinking my Griefes, whilst thou mount vp on high.

*Bul*. I thought you had been willing to resigne.

*Rich*. My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:

You may my Glories and my State depose,

But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.

*Bul*. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.

*Rich*. Your Cares see vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.

My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,

Your Care, is gain of Care, by new Care wonne:

The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,

They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay:

*Bul*. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

*Rich*. I,